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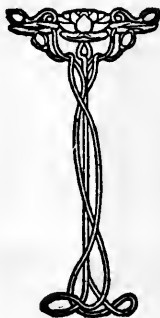


Minnie Chadel Linus

Heart Thoughts

By

Minnie Shadel Binius



Illustrated By
The Author

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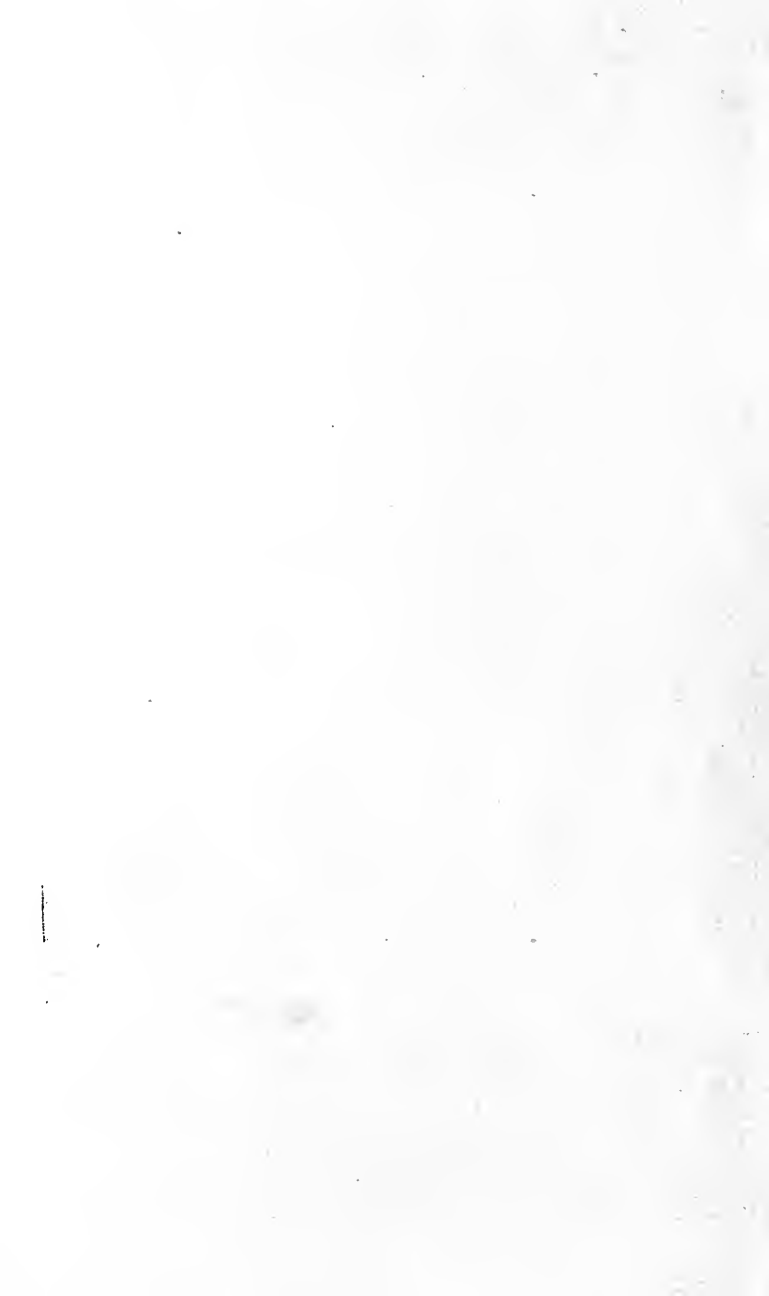
Inscribed
To
My Dear Companion Through
Sunshine and Shadow
By
The Author

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BY

THE AUTHOR



Homestead on the Hill

I have left the dear, old homestead,
In Ohio far away,
And tonight sweet memories cluster
Round me, in a bright array;
As I rest from labors weary—
Toilers' rest is ever sweet—
Fancy lifts the veil that hides it,
The dear, old home in its retreat.

Sheltered on a sunny hillside,
Where the shadows love to play
Hide and seek with golden sunbeams,
Through the livelong Summer day;
Where the wild birds make sweet music,
As they sing among the trees
That are gently rocked by zephyrs,
Of the balmy Western breeze.

Azure skies that smile above it,
Form a sea of deepest blue,
Where white-winged cloud ships
Idly wander, ever changing, ever new,
Till at last in sunset splendor,
They have joined that bright array,
Welcomed night-time and her glories
And bade farewell to parting day.

O, the odor of the roses!
Over all the flowers queen,
The remembrance of thy sweetness
Comes o'er me in a pleasant dream;
And the pale moon smiles down softly
On a scene of calm delight,
Restful homestead, in thy beauty
In the quiet Summer night

I may wander far, far from thee,
And the years may come and go,
Ere I may again behold thee,
Charming home in Ohio;
But the memory of thy beauty
Will my soul with rapture thrill,
Longing to again behold thee
Dear old homestead on the hill.

Ambition

The flower we think most beautiful
Is the one beyond our reach,
The fruit we deem most luscious
Is the sweet high-hanging peach.

If we set our heart on treasures
We must struggle to attain
When our hands reach out and grasp them,
We've forgotten all our pain.

The Dying Soldier

A soldier lay dying alone,
His life blood was ebbing fast;
A wistful look in his dim, blue eye,
His hand o'er his heart was claspt.

The battle was fought at sunset,
A terrible rain of lead,
And round him comrades are sleeping
The calm sleep of the dead.

He thinks of his home in the Northland,
Of loved ones waiting there,
And as these thoughts come o'er him,
He breathes their names in prayer.

In the prayer his mother taught him
In childhood's sunny hour;
Asking of God to ever guard
And keep them by His power.

The stars come out in their glory,
The moon smiles on serene,
But the soldier boy has pitched his tent
In the land of the Great Unseen.

He has given his life for his country,
A debt she can ne'er repay;
And silently crossed the River of Death
To await the Judgment Day.

No more will reville arouse him,
He'll answer no longer to taps;
The colors he struggled so bravely to bear
His mouldering form now enwraps.

From the green grassy slope of the hillside,
From the sweet-scented flowery dell,
We bring blossoms to cover our heroes,
The brave boys who gallantly fell.

A Word and a Smile

A kind word and a smile,
Will be worth our while
To give, as we pass along;
For who knows but we may
Brighten the day,
For someone in life's busy throng.

11111

In walking the street,
With hurrying feet
'To work, each morning and night;
We hear many a sigh,
See the tear-dimmed eye,
Of those that know not the light

The light of a smile,
'Tis greater by far
Than the light of a twinkling star;
For the star fades away
At the breaking of day,
But the smile is remembered for aye.

Like the song of a bird—
The sweetest ere heard—
A kind word has power to charm;
Helps drive away care,
Oft saves from despair,
A life of evil and harm.

Then scatter the seeds
Of kind, loving deeds,
Like roses our pathway along;
Each life that we brighten,
Each burden we lighten,
Is a musical note in our own life's song.

On the Death of a Friend

The silver cord is broken,
And a soul has winged its flight
From earth and its fleeting pleasures,
Into Eternity's light;
Piercing with eyes immortal,
The veil that lies between
The shadows of the earth life,
And the joys of the Great Unseen.
Peacefully waiting and watching,
A turbulent soul at rest,
In the hands of the Lord and Master
Who knoweth all things best.

Broken Castles

Why are the castles broken,
That we builded with loving care?
The foundation, Love's sweet token
Should the storms of Adversity bear.
But Fate, the destroyer of human hearts,
Caused an adverse wind to blow,
And our fairy castle with its beautiful parts,
Lay buried in ruins below.

Build again in a different way,
A structure more sublimely serene
Standing against Time's lingering sway,
With towers of lordly mien.
Resting on Friendship's foundation alone,
That was purchased with Smiles and Tears,
Trusting the Future to atone
For the errors of by gone years



BROKEN CASTLES

Heart's Ease

Yesterday I heard my heart say,
As twilight gathered 'round,
Shutting out the light of day
And toil's ceaseless grind and sound,
No longer will I murmur, in sorrow
'Gainst the strife,
But at the dawn of each tomorrow
Take up the burdens of life
And bear them upward, onward,
Toward the everlasting goal,
Where weary, earthly travelers
Find surcease for the soul.

Ah, heart of mine, 'twere well,
In the shades of yesternight
Those wonderful promises to foretell,
Before the morning's light;
But after a night of calm, sweet rest,
When you've conquered mind and will,
You awake on the morrow to meet the test,
With the same, old murmurings still.
'Twill ever be the same, tired heart,
The struggle, the gain, the loss
Are the lessons of life taught part by part,
Forgot at the foot of the Cross.

Winchester

Summers and Winters have passed away,
Eyes grown dim and locks grown gray,
Since we answered the bugle call
Sprang to arms, in line to fall
Ready to march to Winchester town,
Tramping, tramping, marching down
To drive Jackson far away
Back to the hills, that fair March day.

Stonewall Jackson—well does the name,
Suit the man who with honors came
Up from the beautiful valley below,
Flushed with success which victories bestow;
Brave and alert in every way,
A leader beloved by men in Gray
Following ever his stern command,
Ready to die for their dear Southland.

'Twas no mean foe that we faced that day,
On the Southern hillslope far away,
But a man whose keen and piercing eye
Was ready the strongest host to defy;
Behind, for miles the beautiful stream
Had watched his saber flash and gleam,
As his orders hurled off men in Blue,
And he onward rushed into battles new.

Ah, we very well knew as we rushed to obey,
And prepared to meet this foe in Gray
That came thundering down from the hills
above,
To strike once more for the land they loved,
That many would fall in the battle grim,
Some eyes then bright grow sad and dim,
Hands would grope in the gathering night
For some dear comrade, lost in the fight.

Perhaps a mess-mate would wounded lie
And hear the tramp of the men pass by,
An officer writhe his life away,
While fife and drum in the distance play;
Death levels the rank and hand clasps hand,
Two soldiers who fought for the far North-
land
Of dear ones speak, with dying breath,
Before they cross over the Border of Death.

A picture old as old, old world,
True as the blue of the flag unfurled
Whose stars look forth on a beautiful land,
A country united, strong to command;
Honor and strength forever secured
By her sons who gallantly fought and en-
dured,
That Freedom still perch on our banners gay,
And we live a united, old U. S. A.

For as men of honor we had been taught,
Our flag to defend, so dearly bought
By the blood of patriots, martyrs and sages,
Whose deeds of valor crown History's pages
With the light of a sacrifice, that grows
Brighter, as 'Time's Sea onward flows,
And gathers unto itself the years
That make up Eternity's hopes and fears.

The bugle has sounded its clarion note,
Like the trill in a wild bird's pulsing throat,
Piercing the air with its sad, sweet thrill
That echoes and dies o'er valley and hill;
Of Future and Past we cease to dream,
As the dancing lights on our colors gleam
As they float o'er columns marching away,
"To do or to die" in the coming fray.

Leaving our camp fires burning bright,
We hurry away in the gathering night,
Led to the shifting battle-fields,
By tender hearted General Shields;
Who at the front of his eager command,
Marched over the beautiful valley land,
To meet the shot and shell of the foe
That brought our daring leader low.

As Night now closed her mantle round,
Shutting out the battle's sound,
We forward crept in the sheltering gloom,
To a wood as silent and dark as the tomb;
Where we stood at arms through the coming
night,
To be ready to strike in the mornings' light
A blow, like that of a fiery dart,
At the Rebel leader's fearless heart.

The morning sun o'er the hillside gleams,
Dispelling the dark with its golden beams,
When with hearts renewed we rush with
 might
And hurl our strength in the final fight;
'Twas a day whose struggle we ne'er can
 forget,
The horrors of conflict we seem to see yet,
As with smoke-dimmed eye and bated breath
We try to do our foe to the death.

Now Forward, now Back, the armies are led,
Shot tell with fury and shells burst o'er head,
While nearer and nearer the enemies creep,
The space that divides, we might span with a
 leap;
Sometimes amid smoke and the blinding glare
We are filled with horror, wild with despair,
And in longing to flee away, to retreat
We hearken the bugle's sound to repeat.

But Onward's the word! and victory we view
Alight on our banner, as Jackson withdrew
His weary soldiers away from our sight,
And hastened away under cover of night;
A Victory, yes, but its cost was dear,
For ranks were thinned, and the falling tear
Fails to replace in lost lives the light
That went out that day, in the Winchester
Fight.



BUNDLE OF LETTERS.

A Bundle of Letters

I've read your letters o'er, dear heart,
It seems I cannot cease
To read their pages, part by part,
For to my soul comes peace;
And all the dreary, lonely days
Since I have seen your face,
Depart forever on their ways,
As I feel your fond embrace.

Dear letters! through the blinding tears
That I cannot restrain,
I see you dim with passing years,
Your freshness flown, yet you remain
As dear to me as when the hand
That I no longer see,
Penned the sweet words, at whose command
The past comes back to me.

When skies were blue as the deep, deep sea,
With never a ripple to mar,
When hearts were beating glad and free
As pure as the far off star;
Each day a gladsome tomorrow,
Each night a bright, golden theme,
Before my life knew its sorrow
Let me dream, let me dream!

Love letters! dearer, more to my heart
Than a treasure-house of gold!
Your joys, your sorrows, will never depart
Recalling sweet memories of old,
Until Death comes softly stealing
From out the shadow and gloom,
For your messages appealing,
Will go with me to the tomb.

The Conflict

Taps have sounded! Lights are out!
No more you'll hear the victor's shout,
The tent no longer on battle field gleams,
Tenting tonight only in dreams.

Island of Somewhere

To the beautiful island of Somewhere
That lies off some Golden Shore,
Let us take a journey hand in hand,
To this far, distant fairy land,
That smiles under skies forever blue
Where half-forgotten dreams come true.

Our good ship Fancy, will carry us o'er
The billows of untried seas,
And as we span the future years
And float in the harbor of Smiles and Tears,
We drift away from life's pain and care
And explore the Island of dear Somewhere.

Dreams of our childhood await us there,
On Somewhere's sunny isle,
And as we greet the old-time friends
That to the scene enchantment lends,
We cease to dwell in the land of Now
And before the queen of Somewhere bow.

Ah! what is this? we cry with delight
As a beautiful castle we see—
A structure builded on Hopes and Fears,
Numberless Smiles and a few shining Tears—
Palace of Love, whose builders they say
Journeyed together to the Parting Way.

With faces turned from Love's golden light
They wended their unseen way,
And the years that drifted them apart
Healed the wounds of each broken heart.
Healed? Ah, yes! but who can say,
No scar remains to this very day?

"When my ship comes in," we were won't to
say
In the sweet long, long ago,
And now as we gaze with tearful eyes,
Into the haven of Glad Surprise
There rides in majesty supreme
The treasure ship of our fondest dream.

The soft, kind winds of Good Fortune
Had wafted her on the way,
Gliding past Failure's reef and shoal,
With years of drifting she reached the goal
And now safely locked away from Despair,
Awaits her pilot in the harbor there.

A statesman with a noble air,
Who will some day sit in the President's chair,
Chariots bowling along on the green,
Bearing a king and his gracious queen,
Empires of Dreams that float in the air,
Will sometime descend to loved Somewhere.

O, the myths that dwell in this beautiful isle
Under Memory's magical reign!
In them we recall our fairest dreams
Wrought out by the side of firelight gleams—
Creations of all that life holds most rare,
That really exist in distant Somewhere.

Words Without Melody

(Just To Know You Love Me.)

Just a picture of a girl you once knew,
Just a mem'ry of a dear heart fond and true;
As you gaze in pictured eyes
Filled with mild and soft surprise,
How you long once more your love vows to
renew.
How your heart will throb with pain,
Just to hear that sweet refrain,
And recall the words she often said to you.

Chorus—

Just to know you love me,
That your heart is true
As the stars above me,
In the heavens blue;
Life would be all sunshine,
One sweet, happy song,
Just to know you love me,
My whole life long.

She's sleeping 'neath the daisies far away,
And you look upon her picture day by day;
While the tear drops gently fall,
And you're longing to recall
All the love that you forever cast away
For at last your heart knows best
She was dearer than the rest,
And you long once more to hear her sweet
voice say:

Chorus—

Just to know you love me,
That your heart is true
As the stars above me,
In the heavens blue;
Life would be all sunshine,
One sweet, happy song,
Just to know you love me,
My whole life long.

Friendship

Friendship to the lonely heart
Is like the fragrance of the rose,
Although the flower may be forgot,
With years the incense grows.

Sentence Sermons

Smiles and tears, like sunshine and rain, are necessary for the development of life.

Lost opportunities are like precious jewels locked in the casket of Regret whose key is held in the unchanging Past.

He who stoops from an exalted station to help the lowly, has elevated himself to a still higher plane of life.

Pleasures of today often become regrets of tomorrow.

Creeds and doctrines belong to the Dark Ages. Religion, pure and simple, is **doing good** with a heart full of love for humanity.

To the sensitive soul there is no thing that wounds like that of Ingratitude's sting.



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